And comes not in, over-rulde by propheſies,
I feare, the power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an inſtant tryall with the King.
Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you neede not feare,
There is *Douglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*.
Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir. M. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, L. *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of *Worceſter*, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble Gentlemen.
Arch And ſo there is, but yet the King hath drawn
The ſpeciall head of all the Land together.
The *Prince* of *Wales*, Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*,
The noble *Weſtmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many moe Corrivales, and deare men
Of eſtimation, and command in armes.
Sir M. Doubt not, my Lord, he ſhall be well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no leſſe; yet, needfull 'tis to feare,
And to prevent the worſt, *Sir Michell*, ſpeed:
For if Lord *Percy* thrive not ere the King
Diſmiſſe his power, he meanes to viſit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy;
And 'tis but wiſedome to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt goe write againe
To other friends, and ſo farewell, *Sir Michell*. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falſtaffe.

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere
Above yon buſky hill! the day lookes pale
At his diſtemperature.
Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And by hollow whiſtling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempeſt and a bluſtering day.
King. Then with the loſers let it ſympathize,
For nothing can ſeeme foule to thoſe that winne.

The Trumpet ſounds. *Enter Worceſter.*

King. How now my Lord of *Worceſter*? 'tis not well
That you and I ſhould meete upon ſuch tearmes,

As now we meete. You have deceiv
And made us doffe our eaſie Robes o
To cruſh our old uneaſie limbs in un
This is not well, my Lord, this is not
What ſay you to it? will you again
This churliſh knot of all abhorred w
And more in that obedient orbe agai
Where you did give a faire and natur
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor
A prodigy of feare, and a portent
Of broched miſchiefe to the unborne
Wor. Heare me, my Liege:
For mine own part, I could be well
To entertaine the lag-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I proteſt,
I have not ſought the day of this diſ
King. You have not ſought it: how
Falſ. Rebellion lay in his way, and
Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace.
Wor. It pleas'd your Majeſty to turn
Of favour, from my ſelfe, and all our
And yet I muſt remember you my Lo
We were the firſt and deareſt of your
For you, my Staffe of office did I bre
In *Richards* time, and poſted day and
To meete you on the way, and kiſſe y
When yet you were in place, and in a
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate as I
It was my ſelfe, my Brother, and his S
That brought you home, and boldly
The danger of the time. You ſwore
And you did ſweare that oath at *Don*
That you did nothing of purpoſe 'gain
Nor claime no further, then your new
The ſeate of *Gant*, Duke of *Lancaſte*
To this, we ſware our ayde: but in ſh
It raind down, Fortune ſhowring o
And ſuch a floud of Greatneſſe fell on

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV Part 1* (STC 22287) LONDON, 1639 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37